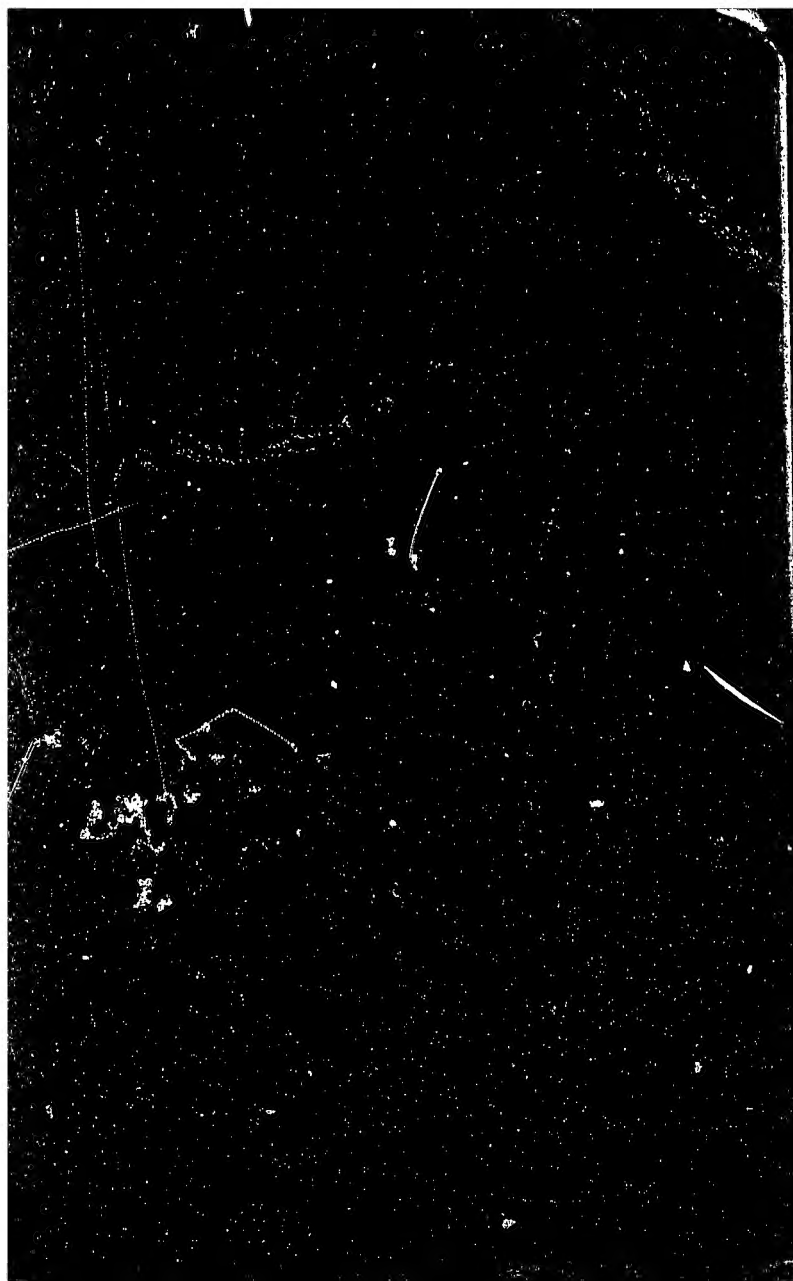


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THE SOUL SPEAKS

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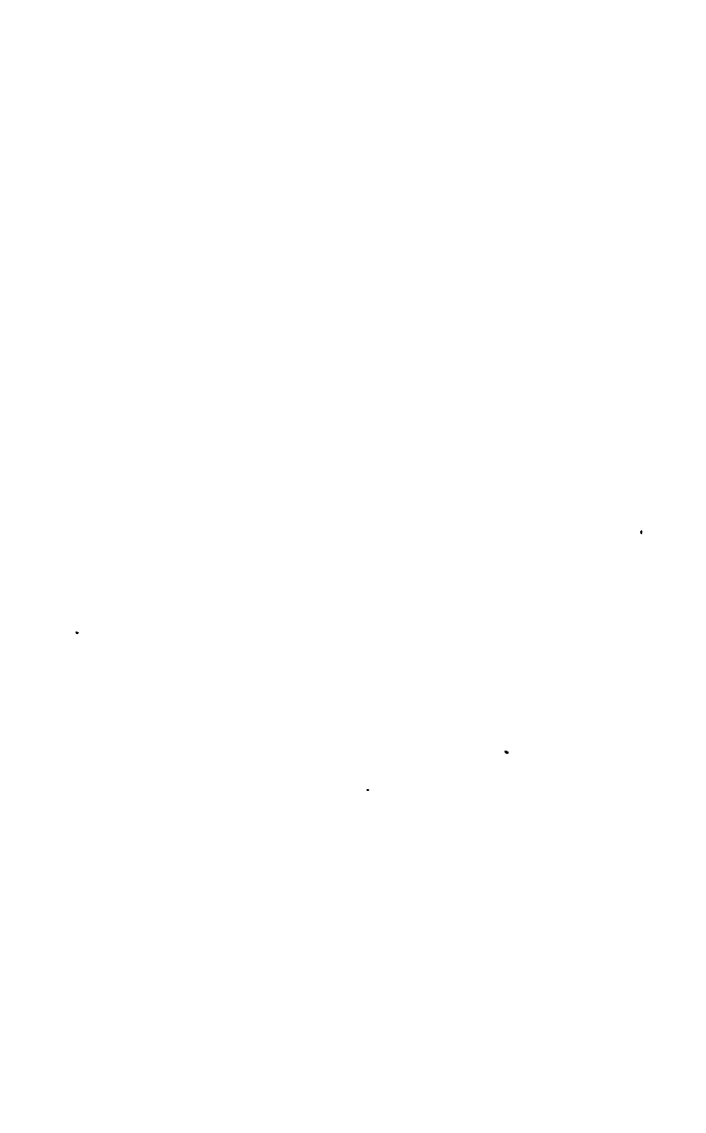
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THE SOUL SPEAKS



THE SOUL SPEAKS

BY

STAN OBODIAC

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Books by S. Obodiac

PENNFIELD RIDGE

FORGIVE CASHMIR

A PARTING SOUL

**TO ITALY WITH A BRITISH
LORD**

THE SOUL SPEAKS

FOREWORD

Through the source of Irving Stone it is said that Van Gogh believed that the highest compliment man could pay woman was an unrestrained, convulsive, jerking outpouring of his soul to her, an outpouring devoid of all shame gushed to her with the positive knowledge that she would understand him. Flexibly elaborating on Van Gogh, I believe there is yet a more ultimate compliment to pay, and that is the direction of this unchained fury of soul through the channel of poetry to her. And because woman is beauty, and beauty is the highest of best earthly concepts, outpour the soul through the aesthetic, musical, ecstatic medium of poetry to ultimately compliment all that is beautiful of this world. But do not stop there; proceed in the other direction too: towards the ugliest to find beauty, for from pain and the ugly spring beauty.

Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

S. Obodiac.



...To

Junior

and

Crewcut

who

inspired

much

of

this...

PROEM

In the discussion of the manuscript with friends, people asked who Junior and Crewcut are. Junior is married in Switzerland, Crewcut is nubile and in Yorkton; by this single and married implication in the dedication, all womanhood is embraced.

Another has asked, "Is there no dedication to man then?"

Yes: I...a man...wrote this book of poetry.

S. Obodiac.



THE MADNESS OF LOVE

Torturous dream—

Does she walk hand in hand with that man,
Is she encircled by his arms,
Do his lips find hers?

Wench!

Is this your behavior,
Why are you profligate,
Be it fair to taunt me so?

Jezebel!

To torment her,
To maim him,
To destroy me?

Torturous dream—

It is only because I love you so.

ROGATIO

Words, no understanding,
And anger—
How cruel!
I entreat,
I beseech you,
Please hear me.
And yet you refuse me?
Hear me,
I beg of you!
You leave me alone...
Alone.

IMMUTABILITY

If I could be a tree,
Always pretty,
From the seed,
To centuries of age.
Not to be uglier with the years,
But as the tree,
To grow more beautiful
As the centuries pass—
Ageless.
Eternal beauty.

IMPERMANENCE

There is nothing to do but die.
Inevitably the day comes;
You cannot restrain or postpone it.
But wait! You can hurry the day...
If the world is a bromide,
And you are not a believer, suicide.

SPRING GARDENING

An entire garden is dug—
A fork full at a time;
Once across is thirty-six digs.
Back bent,
Muscles aching,
Hands calloused,
Dung smelling,
Dust swirling,
Sweat pouring,
Worms crawling,
Robins attracted.

Across and across until it is done,
Digging is not much fun.

The preparation of fertilizer and earth
Is for food and the beauty of flower.
Now! Is it so humiliating from whence
you sprung.

*(SPRING GARDENING was printed in the
Regina Leader-Post, May 27th, 1950.)*

BELGIAN JOE

Belgian Joe rides his old wagon,
Pulled by his two white horses.
His dirty hands hold the reins,
His back is bent with earthly pains.

Belgian Joe's horses never gallop.
He himself doesn't hold or rush them.
For what is the hurry?
The time will come to bury.

Belgian Joe's daily route is the same,
The horses know well the hard road.
There is nothing to do but meditate,
And thoughts come of love and hate.

Who is looking after you Joe?
You seem so much alone.
Has no one anything to you to say?
No? I'll remember you and pray.

THE BREATH OF A LONDON SPRING

You are Audrey fair,
Of a slimmness and light hair,
Eyes that seem to dare.

There is your smile,
Sometimes it does rile,
But more oft beguile.

At the Savoy dance,
On the first glance,
I fell in trance.

Your lips were lovely in paint,
As they said make yours with mine
acquaint,
It was then that I grew faint.

To you myself I brought,
Fun and happiness were our only thought,
This the arrangement we sought.

A Night-club was one place of rendezvous,
Another the garden with me and you,
Always just us two.

Was it just an interlude?
These days of happy mood,
Or it is still as necessary to us as food?

All this I remember!

MY HEART... by Junior

Junior had read "The Breath of a London Spring" in one of my letters to her, and had sent this poem in return from Lausanne, Switzerland, with these introductory words: "If you can stand the shock, I... er... dreamed this up between Aix and Monte Carlo, really to match the verse you had just sent me. What you can do... so can I! It was originally about a foot long, but six inches found their way into the trash-bin. Can you comment on it, without using words little children shouldn't learn?"

My heart—

A twisted beaten thing I thought—

Embittered too and cold.

And yet a tender word that came—

Unsort—

Finding the way into that dreary hold,

Like warmth from rays of sun,

And so my thanks to you

Dear one—

I seal this with a kiss.

From far afield there come on wings

The art

Of laughing and to sing

At last I know what lays within—

My heart.

CATASTROPHE

Today I lost my mate,
O, what a grievous state!
Why was this fate?
Today God You I hate,
It wasn't necessary to excorciate the pate.
Unforgiven if You don't open Heaven's gate,
For my mate.

JUST TO BE

The man with the gleam in his eye,
Only wishes to say a friendly "hi",
Ere both we die,
Or before I fly
Into your remembrance past.

WAIL OF THE TWENTIES

Depart not from me youth,
No, no, I cry,
And the thought of slowly slipping youth,
Never to be re-lived,
Drives me to anguish.
My Torment!
Is this justness
To take away my greatest possession
Without even some strife from me?
Who has decided this fate?
Will I never know again
What it is to have someone call me fair
And receive that pleasant glance from
 woman?
The pleasure and ecstasy of youth are all
 spent,
From me they have been rent,
But another comes to take my stance
And I say enjoy the moment;
It flees all too quickly;
He has given us this heaven on earth.

WIN OR LOSE

Two teams are matched for game,
Each of the other fears,
The crowd gives their acclaim,
Their favorites have no peers.

A boo for the referee,
A cheer for a sterling play,
A cheer for the referee,
A boo for a sterling play,
That is a fan,
A fickle woman or man.

A cheer for the winner gives joy,
A boo for the loser gives sorrow,
Don't take it seriously boy,
Both of you will be forgotten on the
morrow.

THE AIR BATTLE SONG

Let's take-off into the skies,
Adventure, glory and fame our prize;
Let's cruise at great heights
To watch for enemy flights;
Let's fight up there in the blue,
Liberty and freedom are our country's due;
Let's win this furious battle
And stop this constant superman prattle:
Then let's land with victory won
And forever subdue the Hun.

THE EMBARKATION

Goodbye Canada, hello England,
You say it with a cheer,
I say it with a tear;
For you are going home,
I am leaving my aerodrome.

Goodbye Canada, hello England,
You shout it on the ship
Expecting to have a good trip;
You wave a cheerio goodbye,
But I wave with a sigh.

Goodbye Canada, hello England,
We both begin to sail,
You strong, I frail;
You dream of things to come,
I dream of my mum.

Goodbye Canada, hello England,
We are crossing the Atlantic,
You are calm, I am frantic,
You think of London squares,
I remember prairie fairs.

Goodbye Canada, hello England,
Our voyage is almost over,
We just glimpsed the cliffs of Dover;
Happiness you found,
But I frowned.

We got off the boat,
So to your parents you wrote;
This was your triumphant day,
You were so thankful and gay,
Hello England you shouted,
Goodbye Canada I pouted.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

My Christmas prayer
Is that nations everywhere
Will take to heart the commandments ten,
And proclaim peace on earth, good will to
men.

Let man make one world,
Not one democratic,
Not one communistic,
Not one capitalistic,
Not one socialistic,
Let them be one world with four;
That will give you peace forever more.

DEAR STAN (by Father Cullinane
of St. Thomas Moore, University of
Saskatchewan.)

It's Christmas time again:
I take my pen
And try to find the way
I want to say
The everlasting things
One says at Christmas.

The words are slow to come,
But one by one
Each takes its proper place:
God give you grace
To know and understand
The joy of Christmas.

THE ATOMIC CHRISTMAS

From the brutal war of carnage I came
home,
And decided never more to roam;
Within me were still thoughts of the world's
fate,
As I stood with throbbing anxiety at our
gate.
How majestic and glittering our Christmas
tree stood,
For my presence I thanked God and grasped
my rood.
My beautiful wife and children were await-
ing with tears,
Yes, I understood why I had fought
courageously for years.
Soon we'll meet under the mistletoe,
And in her arms I'll kiss and love her so.

THE INSTRUMENT

I am the instrument,
Play me as Thou will.
Make me poor,
Make me rich,
It does not matter which;
Salvation is my contentment.

Master, I am Thy slave,
From womb to grave;
Do not stay the whip:
Of lust, pride and avarice did I sip,
Seldom to Thee did I trip.

Heretic I turned,
You created Me?
Nonsense! I thee.
But after the glories of life
My fear grew.
Accept me as true.

Play Thy instrument again,
Favor me with grace,
To Thee I lift my face!
Rapture, ecstasy of joy,
I, Thy instrument.

BEFUDDLEMENT

To God shall I pay tribute?
Sure, I know His attributes:
Infinity, unity, immutability,
Eternity, holiness, justice,
Omnipresence, wisdom, goodness and
omnipotence.
These I know,
But if God favors me,
My praise is instant;
If He rejects me, causes me anguish,
Should my condemnation be instant?
That is harsh,
And I have been taught to school myself
That I am clay in His molding hands.
In His justice and wisdom
He lets me have the up and down.
If I were to accept good deeds
Without giving my thanks,
And accept my misfortunes
Without blame for anyone,
Would that not be a just equalization?

LOVE, BUT NO RETURN

Is there anything in life with so much hurt,
As to see her approach, your ideal.
Beauty, personality, religion, intelligence
and all that is real,
To you she means a great deal.
You see her as a wife with a love that will
endure,
But to her you are a pain and decidedly a
boor.
She cannot possibly know how you feel,
Why? Why does God permit this ordeal.

PERPLEXITY?

Why does God permit this life?
Why does God permit this?
Why does God permit?
Why does God?
Why does?
No. God does?
Why?

MY COMMUNION

I approach the rail,
Even though I did fail
Just like any other male.
Forgiven!

There I kneel;
Ecstasy, fear, love I feel,
Lord, You are my only meal.
Famished!

Lord, I take Thee on my tongue,
The devil from me have I flung,
Only Your praises are there to be sung.
My Saviour!

My Lord on You my mouth I shut,
Of You there must be nothing but,
Lord. On You I must glut.
You are mine!
I am Yours!

WISH

I pray
This day
That you may
Say
Okay,
Come live with me.

THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION

In this small town
God made a personal appearance.
From Heaven He came down
To make with His people firm adherence.

The population of this town is eight
thousand;
Five hundred came to see Him.
Fifty of every thousand,
Even though forty hours were there of Him.

There were spring flowers at His side,
As He sat there on the tabernacle chair.
Did the rest of the people hide?
No, they went to see an Hollywood pair.

The procession began,
And He was carried around the church.
Forget that Hollywood man,
This is He of your search.

CIVILIZATION AND SOULS

**You idiot! who lives across the tracks—
What is there there?
That stinky privy and no sewage,
Not a telephone for friendly usage.
No sidewalk,
No delivery,
If you are a man, MOVE!
Just let the animals live across the tracks.**

BEAUTY FOUND

There was the step into the shop,
And all you could see was a smile,
Sunny, personable, on the most beautiful
face.
Was she an angel or really of the human
race?

That day went by with the thought of her,
And then on the next the return to the
shop.
Is she real or just another cutie?
Good God! She has incredible beauty.

LOVE IS ONE

A rose is love,
God is love,
I'm in love,
You're in love,
We're in love,
One Love!

THE FIRST SPRING SUN

We went across the field for a walk,
I held her hand and there was talk.
We laughed into each other's face,
I slipped my hand to her shoulder of lace.
Then we burst into sprightly race.

We sat down in the slowly greening grass;
There was a yearning to kiss this lass.
The first spring sun was beautifully warm,
It had created this bliss of storm
To make me so aware of her feminine form.

We lifted our faces to the warm sun,
The total warmth made us one.
Her body hugged the grass and ground,
On her neck, and lower, a cushion my head
found.
The first spring sun made us to each other
bound.

YOUTH AND PLEASURE

(Reprinted from the concluding piece
of my book, "To Italy With a
British Lord")

Enjoy yourself while yet you may,
Again there never comes this same youth-
ful day.
Take these pleasures for which you pay,
pay, pay;
As soon you will wrinkle, age and grey.
Then on knee in repentance pray,
Before you return to the vapid clay.

THE BUTTERCUP

The buttercup was the first I saw
Weeks after the first spring thaw,
All about was threadbare
To give this vacuous stare.
One tiny flower of color to dare!

Not nearly as pretty as the rose,
No pleasant smell to the nose,
But the buttercup was the first
To be after the winter of thirst.

ONLY THE MOMENT

Across the fields,
Hand in hand.
Laying in the grass,
Kiss and kiss.
Two in love,
Man and woman.

ANNIVERSARY

A rose to signify,
A note to remember,
A talk to rejoice,
A walk to exhilarate,
An embrace to thrill,
A caress to enflame,
A touch to possess,
A kiss to love,
Mine! Yours! Ours!
Anniversary of a year.

LOVE AND THE REACTIONS

She throws herself at me,
I repulse this thrust.
She loves me,
I don't love her.
She can't understand me.
Comes a period of transition...
Awakened—
We throw ourselves at each other,
Without restraint whatsoever.
The days are beautiful:
I say I love her;
She says she doesn't me.
I can't understand her.

THE DANCE

Would you dance with me?
The eyes accept,
And then the words speak of acceptance.
There is movement to the floor;
You take her waist and hands.
There is the tension of discovery...
Can she or can't she?

DANCE WITH VENUS

Everything is one beautiful rhythm—
She is the right height.
The cheek fits to hers,
Both are warm and skin.
Her shoulders move,
Her hips move,
Her feet are melody of movement.
What wonder!
What delight!
What pleasure!
What romance of body!
Dance with Venus...

LOVE IS AN EXPERIENCE OF LIFE

How odd this arrangement!
There may be love...
Yet experimentally this is said:
"Let's not see each other for two weeks.
We'll find
Whether we need each other...
We'll discover
Whether our longing and flame are
 extinguished...
We'll laugh
That this is only the living of life...
Necessary,
A phase,
Experience,
But really inconsequential."
What now comes,
Or is it forever?

THE THIRST OF LOVE

This has been decided:
We are to stay away from each other;
The period is fourteen days.
But how am I to stay away!
When already on the first day
I have a maddening thirst for her,
And she is so close with her lake of water.
Is her thirst as mine?

THE DRESSMAKER

There she sews indefatigably:
Her persistent foot motivating all,
The needle tirelessly moving in and out.

Her eyes have strained,
Her hair has greyed,
Her body has pained,
Her nerves have frayed.

You work so hard—
Someone needs to provide,
And you have sacrificed your life
For your children...

THE MONTH OF MAY

Mary,
Only once to see you in May,
And how you cheered that day!
Lucifer,
From all the rest you barred me.
In this despicable role you starred me.
God,
If I never achieve the paradise,
That one day with Mary is suffice.

WHY LOVE

What is there to her?
Why am I held?
Certainly others there have been
Far more beautiful...
Ah, but she—
She attempts to be Dominique,
Made for me alone.

The crew-cut hair,
And huge eyes that truthfully stare.
Her mouth with ends indented,
Soft skin, scented.
Shoulders so flesh and round,
A touch makes my heart pound.

To hold her,
Is to know her,
And love her.

WHY LOVE AGAIN

What is there to her?
Why am I held?
Certainly others there have been
Far more beautiful...
Ah, but she—
She attempts to be Dominique,
Made for me alone.

The soft well-groomed hair,
Eyes mischievous without a care.
Her mouth like a beautiful petal,
Soft skin in perfect fettle.
Her body small and sound,
A touch, and happiness is found.

To write her,
Is to know her,
And love her.

NO JEALOUSY

Scylla you are,
He be Glaucus,
And I Circe.

To have you a monster?
No.
I want you always as Venus,
Whether mine or his.
Live Venus as his.

TANAGRA

To all others—
I am blind.
Tanagra, where are you?
I search,
My hands delicate
And groping,
And caressing.
Tanagra!
I touch,
I feel.
It is you!

THE SUBSTITUTE

Planned with her,
No compromise—
Selfishness.
No understanding.
But another came into her place;
There was fun,
Yielding,
And understanding.
Anyone can be replaced.

FRAILITY AND FORGIVENESS

God.
The devil has tempted me,
And he had me enslaved.
Powerless,
Yielding,
Submitting,
You forgotten,
And traitorously left, rejected.

I am mad,
Directionless,
What have I done to Thee!

I lie prone in the dirt,
Humiliated,
Beseeching.
Infinite in mercy—
Will You have me back again?

THE LETTER

Only tomorrow!
I await that letter.
Body of eagerness.
Soul of anticipation.
To make a day easier.
Pleasure at arrival,
Sorrow at "there is nothing."
There is no tomorrow.

NO ANSWER

Why does she not?
What is wrong—
Is she angry—
Am I misunderstood—
Is she confused—
What is there?

No more agony of mind,
Banish it all...
Today it has come.

NO RAIN

It has ceased to rain.
No more drops fall,
No more puddles fill,
No more rivulets run.
It is time to venture forth—
To the golf course.

THE 30s FRIGHT

Don't tremble
At each year going by.
But cheer
At every passing year;
For from the summit of senility
Is the world's most magnificent view.

THE MISERY OF SIN

In the clouds of misery
I walk.
A mind filled with agony,
A body tortured with pain,
A soul immersed with concupiscence.

Fallen.
Graceless.
Doomed.

On bended knee I come—
The confessional.
Pleading.
Repentent.
Detesting the sin.
Will You have me back again Lord?

A DAY OF STOLEN LOVE

This is not today—
The bargain was to part forever,
But here we are together,
Ignoring the bargain,
Delighting in the violation.

Let it be a day
Ressurrected from the past,
And not today.
Besides, love is sweetest
Of yesterday and remembrance.

THE KISS OF CATASTROPHE

Never anything like this—
Agony and bliss.
After months of volcanic nearness,
There is nothing but delirium.

This is the lovers' arrangement:
To part from one another forever;
He afraid of marriage,
She afraid of love.
It is best then...

Usually a kiss for love,
Or engagement,
Or bargain.
Never a kiss like this—
A kiss to part forever,
A kiss of catastrophe!

Warm, lingering, caressing,
Soft, inviting, clinging,
Mad, erruptive, destroying.

This lips to each other.
The kiss eternal!

The tears come;
Let your hair brush them away.
"I love you."
Cling harder before the parting,
For it is forever—
The kiss of catastrophe.

SCUFFLE WITH BLACK

Both of us ired,
By white and black sired.
It is still fight,
To prove our might.
He with fear,
From me no taunt or jeer.
This is fight with man,
No derision at the tan.

This is proof,
To tolerance I am not aloof.
It came to the test.
And I came out best.
Really man.

THE "Small" AMAZON

Like a doll is she—
Her body small.
Delicate and not tall.

A delight is she—
Her voice so magnificent and mellow,
Song and melody for any fellow.

Interesting is she—
Like a Greek siren she is,
Doubt exists that she is totally his.

A wife is she—
Friendship is all
With this Amazon, not doll.

TRANS-OCEANIC LOVE

To have discovered her,
To have loved her,
And yet not to have known her completely—

Talk,
Embrace,
Kiss,
Touch,
The sublime coition of marriage.

Joy,
Delight,
Pleasure,
Fun,
The hedonistic bliss of living together.

What tragedy!

THE MODERN CLEOPATRA DANCES

She charms...
Yet a temptress,
Cleopatra re-incarnate,
In "one of her nights."

She dances with you,
And it is the same
As that dance of
"One of her nights."
Unrestrained,
Giving,
Carefree sensuousness,
Maddening,
Destroying all;
Yet so delightful—
Man is conquered when she dances;
Only the pleasant memory
And the sorrowful hulk remains.

DEPOSED BY THE GODESS

I die with Mario—
The greatest glory is in death then.
Only to have.

DRYAD

Dryad in the woods.
What do you do there?
Is it to sun,
Or have outdoor fun?
Here comes a man—
Run!

DREAMS

Television is not new to me,
The most beautiful images I see
In the night,
Every sort of sight.
Machines are not capable of these,
The things that my mind sees.

Dreams are the pictures
From my personal television set.

HITCH-HIKING

Request for a lift;
He is generous.
Steal a parcel?
What indecency!
Shame.

LITTLE MISS FIX-IT

(by Junior in Lausanne, Switzerland.)

Little Miss Fix-It has lost her touch
I guess she doesn't amount to much
A very dumb bunny
That held out for money
Pardon me, back I crawl in my hutch.

JINX (by Junior)

You called me a minx
YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID "JINX"
For that's what I am, plain to see.
Oh Tiger I'm sad
So please don't be mad
For the Jinx a sphinx will now be.

A DEAR

You are no jinx, lynx;
Neither a sphinx, minx.
You are a dear, never fear.

INEFFECIENCY

No cable;
I guess I'm not able,
The ineffeciency label.

DIPSAS

You have bitten me—
My thirst for you rages,
Unquenchable.
Dipsas, come to me—
Again,
The thirst is beautiful,
It is love,
It is life,
It is all.

THE FLOWER DANCES

Like a flower on a stem,
Swaying in the breeze.
She weaving in dance...
Ah life!

OASIS

Oasis—

Would you deny a man,
After he has walked life long
On the Sahara?